A Pleaſant Comedie,

Called *WILY BEGVILDE.*

The chiefe actors are theſe,

A { *Poore Scholler.* / *Rich foole.* / and a / *Knaue at a ſhift.* }

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¶ Printed at London by *Tho: Purfoot*, for *Clement Knight*, and are to be ſould at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, at the ſigne of the *Holy Lambe*. 1623.

(**)

Gripe: an Vsurer.
Ploddall: a Farmer.
Sophos: a Scoller.
Churmes, a Lawyer.
Robin-good-fellow.
Fortunatus: *Gripes* Sonne.
Lelia: *Gripes* Daughter.
Nurse.

Peter Ploddall: *Ploddals* Sonne.
Pegge: Nurses Daughter.
Will Cricket.
Mother Midnight.
An old man.
Siluanus.
Clarke.

SPECTRVM.

The Prologue.

WHat hoe, where are these paltry Players? still poaring in their Papers, & neuer perfect? for shame come forth, your Audience stay so long, their eies waxe dimme with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honest Roague, what Play shall we haue heere to night?

Play. Si, you may looke vpon the Title.

Pról. What, *Spectrum* once againe? why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but Patch-pánell stuffe, old Gally-mawfries & Cotten-candle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandogge foxfurd slaue you dryed Stockfish you, out of my sight. *Exit the Player.*

Well, tis no matter: Ile ſit me downe and ſee it, and for fault of a better, Ile ſupply the place of a ſcuruy Prologue.
Spectrum is a looking-glaſſe indeede,
Wherein a man a Hiſtory may reade
Of bace conceites and damned roguery:
The very ſinke of Hell-bred villanie.

Enter a Iuggler.

Iug. Why now my humorous *George*? what as melancholly as a Mantle tree?

Will you ſee any trickes of Ledgerdemaine, ſlight of hand, cleanly conueyance, or *Deceptio viſus*? what will you ſee Gentleman, to driue you out of theſe dumpes?

Prol. Out you Souſt-Gurnet, you Woolfiſt, be gone I ſay, and bid the Players diſpatch & come away quickly: and tell their fiery Poet, that before I haue done with him, Ile make him doe pennance vpon a ſtage in a Calfes skin.

Iug. O Lord ſir, ye are deceiued in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a Iugler.

I haue the ſuperficiall skill of all the Seauen liberall Sciences at my fingers end.

Ile ſhew you a trick of the twelues, and turne him ouer the thumbes with a trice.

Ile make him fly ſwifter then meditation.

Ile ſhew you as many toyes, as their be minutes in a Moneth, and as many trickes, as their be motes in the ſunne.

Pro. Prethee what trickes canſt thou doe?

Iug. Mary Sir, I will ſhew you a tricke of cleanly conueyance.

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, with a caſt of cleane conueyance: come aloft *Iacke* for thy Maſters aduantage (hee's gone I warrant ye, { *Spectrum* is conueyed away & *Wilybeguilde* } ſtands in the place of it.

Pro. Mas, and tis well done: now I ſee thou canſt doe ſomthing, Hold thee, there is Twelue pence for thy labour:
Goe to that Barine-froth Poet, and to him ſay,
He hath quite loſt the Title of his Play,
His Calfe-skin ieſts from hence are cleane exil'd,

Barme/

Thus

Thus once you ſee that *Wily* is beguild. *Exit the Iuggler.*
Pro. Now kind Spectators, I dare boldy ſay
You are all welcome to our Authors Play:
Be ſtill a while, and eré we goe,
Weele make your eies with laughter flow.
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they liſt,
We feare not what they babble,
Nor any paltry Poets Penne,
Amongſt that raſcall rabble,
But time forbids me further ſpeech.
My tongue muſt ſtop her race:
My time is come I muſt be dumbe,
And giue the Actors place. *Exit.*

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe, ſolus.

A Heauy Purſe makes a light heart: Oh the conſideration of this Pouch, this Pouch! Why, he that has mony has hearts eaſe, and the world in a ſtring. O this rich Chincke, and Siluer coyne, it is the conſolation of the world. I can ſit at home quietly in my Chamber, and ſend out my Angells by Sea and by Land, and bid flye villaines and fetch in tenne in the hundred: I and a better penny too. Let me ſee, I haue but two Children in all the world to beſtow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my Sonne, and *Lelia* my Daughter: For my Sonne he followes the VVarres, and that which he gets with ſwaggering, hee ſpendes in ſwaggering: But Ile curbe him, his allowance whilſt I liue, ſhall be ſmall, and ſo he ſhall be ſure not to ſpend much: and if I die I will leaue him a portion, that (if he will be a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintaine him like a Gentleman: and if hee will not, let him follow his owne humour till he be weary of it, & ſo let him goe. Now for my Daughter, ſhe is my onely ioy, and the ſtaffe of my age, & I haue beſtowed good bringing vp of her (barlady): why ſhe is eene modeſty it ſelfe; it does me good to looke on her. Now if I can harken out ſome wealthy marriage for her, I haue my onely deſire.

Mas, and well remembred, heere's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one onely ſonne, and (let me, ſee I take it his Lands are better then fiue Thouſand Pounds, now if I can make a match betweene his ſonne and my daughter, and ſo ioyne

ioyne his Land and my mony together, O'twill be a bleſſed vnion. Well, Ile in, and get a Scriuener: Ile wright to him about it preſenely. But ſtay, heere comes Maſter *Churmes* the Lawyer, Ile deſire him to doe ſo much.

Enter Churmes.

Churmes. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churmes.*
What ſay my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to?
Will they not pay vſe, and charges of ſuit?

Churmes. Faith ſir I doubt they are bankrouts:
I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay Ile haue all, or Ile impriſon their bodies.
But M. *Churmes* there is a matter I would faine haue you doe; but you muſt be very ſecret.

Churmes. O ſir feare not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby, you know is a man of very faire land, and hee has but one ſonne vpon whome he meanes to beſtow all that he has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him: what thinke you of it.

Churmes. Mary I thinke 'twould be a good match: but the young man has had very ſimple bringing vp.

Gripe. Tuſh what care I for that, ſo hee haue Lands and liuing enough, my daughter has bringing vp will ſerue them both. Now I would haue you to wright me a Letter to Goodman *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile pleaſe you for your paines.

Churmes. Ile warrant you ſir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe good M. *Churmes:* But be very ſecret. I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a while; and if you will come to dinner to me anon, you ſhal be very heartily welcome. *Exit Gripe.*

Churmes. Thankes good ſir, Ile trouble you.
Now twere a good ieſt if I could coſen the old Churle of his daughter, and get the wench my ſelfe.
Sounds I am as poper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am ſure I haue beene as farre as *Cales*, to fetch that I haue.
I haue beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a Souldier; and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree ſhall bee a Connicatcher.
For Ile goe neere to coſen old father ſhare-penny of his daughter, Ile caſt about, Ile warrant him;
Ile goe dine with him, and write him his Letter:
And then Ile goe ſeeke out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow*; and betwixt vs, weele make her yeeld to any thing.
Weele ha the common Law oth one hand, and the ciuill law oth tother:
Weele toſſe *Lelia* like a tennis Ball. *Exit.*

Enter old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter, an old man Ploddals Tennant, and Will Cricket his ſonne.

Ploddall. Ah Tennant, an ill husband (berlady): thriſe at thy houſe, and neuer at home?
You know my minde: will you giue ten ſhillings more rent?
I muſt diſcharge you elſe.
Old man. Alas Landlord, will you vndoe mee; I ſit of a great rent alreadie, and am very poore.
Will. Cr. Very poore; y'are a very Aſſe. Lord how my ſtomacke wambles at the ſame word, very poore!
Father, if you loue your ſonne *William*, neuer name that ſame word, very poore:
For Ile ſtand to it, that'its pettilaſſenie to name very poore to a man that's oth top of his marriage.
Old man. Why ſonne, art oth top of thy marriage, to whom I prethee?
Will. Marry to prettie *Pegge*, miſtreſſe *Lelias* nurſes daughter.
O tis the dapreſt Wench that euer danc'd after a Taber and Pipe:
For ſhe will ſo heele it, and toe it, and trip it;
O her buttocks will quake like a Cuſtard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you with her?

Will. O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was neuer with hir, but I know I shall speed,
For tother day she lookt on me & laught, and thats a good signe (ye know:) and therefore old Siluer-top, neuer talke of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my Fathers heire: & if you discharge me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my lease be out, is cut-throaterie: and to scrape for more rent, is pole-dennerie.

And so fare you well good Grandsire Vsurie: come father lets begone. *Exeunt Will and his father.*

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe for this:

Ile haue it euery crosse, income, & Rent too. } *Enter Chr.*
But stay, here comes one: O t'is M. *Churms*, } *with a let.*
I hope he brings me some good newes.

M. *Churms.* y'are well met, I am een almost staru'd for money.
You must take some damnable course with my Tenants; theile not pay.

Churms. Faith Sir, they are growne to bee captious knaues.
But Ile mooue them with a *Habeas Corpus.*

Ploddall. Doe good M. *Churms*, or vse any other villanous course shall please you.
But what newes abroad?

Churms. Faith little newes: but heer's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliuer you. And though it stand not with my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better something to abase my selfe, then you should be any wayes hindered.

Polddall. Thankes good sir, and Ile in and reade it.
Exeunt Ploddall and his son. *Manet Churms.*

Churms. Thus men of reach must looke to liue,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse,

Gripe.

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinks I am as true a friend,
To euery enterprise he takes in hand,
As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:
But damme me if they finde it so,
All this makes for my auaile,
Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweete Nymph *Floraes* roabes:
Heere growes th'illuring Rose,
Sweete Marigolds, and the louely Hyacinth:
Come *Nurse*, gather:
A Crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the prime,
And thus ile spend away my Primerose time.

Nurse. Rusty, tusty; are you so frolike?
O that you knew as much I doe, t'would coole you.

Lelia. Why, what know'st thou *Nurse*? pretheetell me.

Nurse. Heauy newes yfaith Mistresse,
You must bee matcht and married to a husband: ha, ha, ha, ha, a husband yfaith.

Lelia. A husband, *Nurse*? why that's good newes, if he bea good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why woman, I heard your father say, that hee would marry you to *Peter Ploddall*, that Puckfist, that Snudge-snout, that Cole-carrierly Clowne, Lorld, t'would be as good as meat and drinke to me, to see how the foole would woe you.

Lelia. No, no, my Father did but iest: thinkest thou that I can stoope so low to take a Browne-bread crust, and wed a Clowne that's brought vp at the Cart?

Nurse. Cart quotha? I, heele cart you; for hee cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Sophos* is the man,

Whose loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender breſt,
This heart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)
My loue with his intoomb'd in earth ſhall lye.

Nurſe. Peace miſtreſſe, ſtand aſide, here comes ſome body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. Optatis non eſt ipes vlla potiri.
Yet *Phœbus* ſend downe thy tralucent beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in ſad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* preſence gins to droope,
Whoſe trickling teares for *Lelias* loſſe,
Do turne the Plaines into a ſtanding Poole:
Sweete *Cinthia* ſmile, cheere vp the drouping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more ſee a Sunne-ſhine day,
O let the ſacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures faireſt worke,
Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I wiſh in vaine, whilſt her I wiſh to ſee,
Her Father he obſcures her from my ſight,
He pleads my want of wealth,
And ſayes, it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by her fatall doome,
Predeſtin'd me to liue in hapleſſe hopes,
Still turning falſe, her fickle wauering wheele;
And Loues faire goddeſſe, with her *Circian* cup,
Inchanteth ſo fond *Cupids* poiſoned darts;
That loue, the only Loadſtarre of my life,
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:
But ſtay,
What doe I ſee, what doe mine eyes behold?
(O happy ſight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile heauens bright nymph, the period of my griefe,
Sole guidreſſe of my thoughts and authour of my ioy,

Lelia. Sweete *Sophos* welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido Carthaginians* beautious Queene.
Not halfe ſo ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince
Eneas, landed on the ſandy ſhores,

Of *Carthage* confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To see her *Sophos* here arriu'd by chance.

Sophos. And blest bee chance that hath conducted mee,
vnto the place where I might see my deare,
As deare to me, as is the deerest life.

Nurse. Sir, you may see that Fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yes, Fortune fauours fooles.

Nurse. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia. Foule Fortune sometime smiles on Vertue faire.

Sophos. Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:
But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats
Of fickle Fortunes thrice vnconstant wheele,
She daines to shew one little pleasing smile,
Lets doe our best false Fortune to beguile,
And take aduantage of her euer changing moodes.
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,
And Birdes doe chant their rurall sugred notes
As rauisht with our meetinges sweet delights.
Since then there fits for loue, both time and place,
Let loue and liking, hand in hand imbrace.

Nurse. Sir, the next way to win her loue, is to linger her leysure.
I measure my Mistresse by my louely selfe, make a promise to a man, and keepe it: *I* haue but one fault, *I* nere made promise in my life, but *I* sticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home yfaith.
If I promise my loue a kisse, Ile giue him two: marry at first I will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come againe and againe,
Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce, I yeeld the fortresse vp:
Heere *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand, a loyall heart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth Heauens bright Canopie,
Grant to our loue a wisht felicity.

Sophos. As ioyes the weary Pilgrime by the way,
When *Phœbus* waues vnto the Westerne deepe,
To summon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poore distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwrack on the foming waues,
At length beholdes the long wisht Hauen,
Although from farre his heart doth dance for ioy:
So loues consent at length my mind hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My Father recks not Vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And sweares his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth:
But *Lelia* scornes proud *Mammons* golden mines,
And bet ter likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond fortunes glistring mockeries:
But *Sophos* try thy wits and vse thy vtmost skill,
To please my father, and compasse his good-will.

So. To what faire *Lelias* wil's, doth *Sophos* yeeld content,
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my sily ship must passe:
But were that venture harder to atchiue
Then that of *Iason* for the golden fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leaue my selfe as witnes of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you by that, Mistresse? heele doe any thing for your sake.

Lelia. Thankes gentle Loue,
But least my Father should suspect,
Whose iealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,
Doth measure euery gesture that I vse:
Ile in, and leaue you heere alone,
Adieu sweet friend, vntill we meet againe:
Come *Nurse* follow mee. *Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.*

Sophos. Farewell my Loue, faire fortune bee thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe (knot.
How thou maiest winne her fathers will to knit this happy

Alas

Alas, thy ſtate is poore, thy friendes are few,
And feare forbids to tell my fates to friend;
Well, Ile try my fortunes;
And find out ſome conuenient time,
When as her fathers leaſure beſt ſhall ſerue
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit Sophos.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Maſter *Churms*,
Y'are welcome to my houſe,
What newes in the country Neighbour? you are a good Huſband, you haue done ſowing Barley, I am ſure.

Ploddall. Yes ſir (an't pleaſe you) a fortnight ſince.

Gripe. M. *Churms*, what ſayes my debtors? can you get any money of them yet.

Churms. Not yet ſir, I doubt they are ſcarce able to pay,
You muſt eene forbeare them a while, they'le exclaime on you elſe.

Gripe. Let them exclaime and hang, and ſtarue, and begge: let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Heere's this good-fellow too Maſter *Churms*, I muſt ee'ne put him and his Father ouer into your hands; they'le pay me no rent.

Will Cri. This good fellow quotha? I ſcorne that baſe, broking, brabling, brauling, baſtardly, bottlenos'd, beetle-browd, beane-bellied name.
Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this ſame cogging, petifogging, crackropes calues-skins companion.
Put me and my father ouer to him? old Siluertop, & you had not put me before my father, I would ha———

Ploddall. What wouldeſt ha done?

Will. I would haue had a ſnatch at you, that I would.

Churms. What, art a Dogge.
No, if I had been a Dogge, I would ha ſnapt off your neſe ere this, and ſo I haue couſened the Diuell of a Mary-bone.

Gripe

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controuerſie,
Prethee goe thy wayes in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of Sacke heere for my friends.

Will. Would you haue a ſack ſir?

Gripe. Away foole, a cup of Sack to drinke.

Will. O, I had thought you would haue had a ſacke to haue put this Law cracking cogfoyſt in, in ſtead of a paire of ſtockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in I ſay.

Will. Into the butterie you meane?

Gripe. I prethee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogſhead of Sack rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I ſent a letter to you by Maiſter *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marry I like well of the motion: my ſonne I tell you is ee'ne all the ſtay I haue: and all my care is, to haue him take one that hath ſomething: for as the world goes now, if they haue nothing, they may begge.
But I doubt hee's too ſimple for your Daughter. For I haue brought him vp hardly, with browne bread, fatte Bacon, Puddings, and Souce, and (bar lady) wee thinke it good fare too.

Gripe. Tuſh man, I care not for that, you ha no more children: youle make him your heyre, and giue him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes hee's ee'ne all I haue, I haue no body elſe to beſtow it vpon.

Gripe. You ſay well.

Enter Will Cricket and a Boy, with wine and a Napkin.

Will. Nay heere you, drinke afore you bargaine.

Gr. Mas, and tis a good motion. Boy, fill ſome wine. *He fils them wine & giues them the napkin.*
Heere Neighbour, and M. *Churms* I drinke to you.

Both. We thanke you Sir,

Will.

Will. Lawyer wipe cleane: do you remember?

Churms. Remember why?

Will. Since you know when.

Churms. Since when?

Will. Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legges would not carry your lobcocke body;
When you haue made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in your stalking implements:
O you were plaguy fraid, and fouly raide.

Gripe. Prethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall:* what say you to this match: shall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir, that must be as our Children like,
For my sonne I thinke I can rule him:
Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple.

Gripe. My daughter's mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?
She shall haue him: Ile rule the rost for that,
Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and siluer:
Ile way her downe in pure angell gold,
Say man, i'st a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree.

Churms. But sir if you giue your Daughter so large a Dowry, you'le haue some part of his land conueyed to her by Ioynture.

Gripe. Yes marry that I will:
And wee'le desire your helpe for conueyance.

Ploddall. I good Maister *Churms*, and you shall bee verie well contented for yout paines.

Will. I marry, that's it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir, I will do the best I can.

Wil. But Landlord, I can tell you newes yfaith:
There is one *Sophes*, a braue Gentleman, hee'le wipe your sonne *Peters* nose of Mistris *Lelia:* I can tell you hee loues her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow.

Will. Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close toge-

ther at Poop-noddie, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure she loues him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death shee loues him, For hees a scholler: and ware schollers, they haue trickes for loue yfaith; for with a little Logicke, and *Pistome colloquium*, they'le make a wench doe any thing.

Landlord, pray ye bee not angry with mee, for speaking my conscience.

In good faith your sonne *Peter's* a verie Clowne to him: Why, hee's as fine a man as a wench can see in a summers day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serue his turne, Ile crosse him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it: I haue suspected it a great while.

Sophos? Why whats *Sophos?* a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speake well,

He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then mony;

And I like not that: he may beg for all that.

Schollers? Why what are schollers without mony?

Ploddall. Faith eene like Puddings without Suet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house,

For he shall be welcome to mee:

And my daughter shall entertaine him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia.*

Come, let's in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Charms.

Will. A horne plague of this mony,

For it causeth many Hornes to bud:

And for mony many men are horn'd.

For when Maides are forc'd to loue where they like not,

It makes them lie where they should not.

Ile be hangd if ere mistris *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall,*

I sweare by this button cap, (doe you marke)

And by the round, sound, and profound contents (doe you vnderstand)

Of this costly Codpeece, (beeing a good proper man as ye see) that I could get her as soone as he, my selfe.

And

And if I had not a months mind in another place,
I would haue a fling at her that's flat:
But I muſt ſet a good Holliday face on't,
And goe a wooing to prettie *Pegge*: well, Ile to her yfaith
While'tis in my mind? But ſtay, Ile ſee how I can wo before
I goe: they ſay, vſe makes perfectneſſe:
Looke ye now, ſuppoſe this were *Pegge*,
Now I ſet my cap o'th to ſide on this faſhion (doe yee ſee?)
then ſay I,
Sweet, hony, bony, ſuger candy *Pegge*,
Whoſe face more faire then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whoſe eyes doe ſhine, like Bacon rine,
Whoſe lips are blew, of azure hue,
Whoſe crooked noſe, downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I muſt begin to commend her beautie,
And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in loue with her
ouer my high ſhooes, and then I will tell her, that I doe nothing of nights but ſleepe and thinke on her, and ſpecially of mornings.
And that does make my ſtomack ſo riſe, that Ile be ſworne, I can turne mee three or foure bowles of Porredge ouer in a morning afore breakefaſt.

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Robin goodfellow. How now ſirra, what make you heere with all that timber in your necke?

Will. Timber? Soundes, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were timber?
Mas Ile ſpeake him faire, and get out on's company: for I am affraid on him.

Robin. Speake man, what, art affraid? what makeſt heere?

Will. A poore fellow Sir, I ha bin drinking two or three pots of ale at an alehouſe, and ha loſt my way Sir.

Robin. O, nay then I ſee thou art a good fellow.
Seeſt thou not Maiſter *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

Will. No Sir, would you ſpeake with him.

Robin. I marry would I.

Will. If I ſee him, Ile tell him you would ſpeake with him.

Robin. Nay prethee ſtay, who wilt thou tell him would ſpeake with him?

Will. Marry you ſir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith ſir, I know not.

Robin. If thou ſeeſt him, tell him *Robin-Goodfellow* would ſpeake with him.

Will O, I will ſir. *Exit Will Cr.*

Robin. Mas the fellow was afraid,
I play the Bugbeare, where ſoe're I come,
And make them all affraid:
But heere comes Maiſter *Churms.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God ſaue you, I haue beene ſeeking for you in euery Ale-houſe in the Towne.

Robin. What, Maiſter *Churms?* What's the beſt newes abroad? tis long ſince I ſee you.

Churms. Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.
I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may ſtand me in ſome ſtead, and make a good benefite to your ſelfe: if we can deale cunningly, 'twill be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? ſpeake man what iſt?
If it be to betray mine owne Father, Ile doot for halfe a fee:
And for cunning, let me alone.

Churms. Why, then this it is.
Heere is M. *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mightie wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowrie is her weight in Gold.
Now ſir, this old penny father would marrie her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne an heire:
Whom though his father meanes to leaue verie rich,
Yet hee's a very idiot and browne-bread Clowne:

And

And one, I know the Wench does deadly hate;
And though their friends haue giuen their full consent,
And both agreed on this vnequall match,
Yet I know *Lelia* will neuer marry him:
But there's another riuall in her loue, one *Sophos*,
And hee's a Scholler.
One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;
For hee's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And still relies vpon the old sayd saw,
Si nihil attuleris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I doe you any good in this?

Churms. Marry thus sir.
I am of late growne passing familiar with M. *Gripe*:
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second selfe:
Now sir, ile fit my selfe to the old crummy Churles humors, and make them beleeue Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry Peter *Ploddall*, and so get free accesse to the Wench at my pleasure:

Now o'th other side, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;

Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted mee with her loue of him:
And for because her Father much suspects the same,
He mewes her vp as men doe mew their Hawkes,
And so restraines her from her *Sophos* sight:
Ile say, because she doth repose more trust
Of secrecy in mee, then in another man,
In courtesie she hath requested me,
To doe her kindest greetings to her Loue.

Robin. An excellent deuise, yfaith.

Churms. I sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I shall know his secrets euer from the very bottome of his heart.
Nay more sir, you shall see me deale so cunningly, that hee shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire;

When God knowes I meane nothing leſſe.
Qui diſſimulare neſcit, neſcit viuere.
Robin. Why, this will be ſport alone:
But what would you haue me doe in the action?
Churms. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him beleeue youle worke miracles,
And that you haue a Powder will make *Lelia* loue him:
Nay what will he not beleeue, and take all that comes (you know my minde)
And ſo weele make a Gull of the one, and a Gooſe of the other.
And if wee can inuent any deuiſe, to bring the ſcholler in diſgrace with her: I doe not doubt, but with your helpe to creepe betweene the barke & the tree, and get *Lelia* my ſelfe.
Robin. Tuſh man, I haue a deuiſe in my head already to doe that:
But they ſay her brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearely.
Churms. Tut hees out of the Countrey.
He followes the drumme and the flagge.
He may chance to bee kild with a double Canon before hee comes home againe:
But whats your deuiſe?
Robin. Marrie ile doe this;
Ile frame an inditement againſt *Sophos*, in maner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you ſhall preferre it; that ſo *Lelia* may loath him.
Her Father ſtill deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant her brother vtterly forſake him.
Churms. But how ſhall wee proue it?
Robin. Sounds, weele hire ſome Strumpet or other to bee ſworne againſt him.
Churms. Now (by the ſubſtance of my ſoule) tis an excellent deuiſe.
Well, lets in, Ile firſt try my cunning otherwiſe, and if al faile, weele try this concluſion. *Exunt.*

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurſe, and Pegge.

Mother Mi. Yfaith *Marget*, you muſt eene take your Daughter *Pegge* home againe;
For ſheele not be rul'd by me.

Nurſe. Why *Mother?* What, will ſhe not doe?

Mother Mi. Faith, ſhee neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:
Send her to'th Market with Egges; ſheele ſell them, and ſpend the money:
Send her to make a Pudding, ſheele put in no Suit:
Sheele run out a nights, a dauncing, and come no more home till day peepe:
Bid her come to bed, ſheele come when ſhe liſt:
Ah, tis a naſty ſhame to ſee her bringing vp.

Nurſe. Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.
What, know'ſt not thy Granam?

Pegge. I know her to be a teaſty old foole,
Shees neuer well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother M. Nay, ſheele campe (I warrant ye.)
O, ſhe ha's a tongue.
But *Marget*, eene take her home to your Miſtreſſe, and there keepe her: for ile keepe her no longer.

Nurſe. Mother, pray yee take ſome paines with her, and keepe her a while longer; and if ſhe doe not mend, ile beat her blacke and blew: yfaith ile not faile you Minion.

Mother M. Faith, at thy requeſt, ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

Nurſe. Come on Huſwife, pleaſe your Granam, and bee a good Wench, and you ſhall ha my bleſsing.

Mother M. Come follow vs good Wench.

Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurſe: manet Pet.

Pegge. I, farwell, faire weather after you.
Your bleſsing quotha? ile not giue a ſingle halpenny fort: who would liue vnder a mothers noſe, and a Granams tong?
A maid can not loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but, heer's ſuch tittle tattle, and doe not ſo, and bee not ſo light and be not ſo fond, and doe not kiſſe, and doe not loue, and

I cannot tell what,
And I muſt loue, and I hang fort. *She ſings.*
A ſweet thing is Loue,
That rules both heart and minde:
There is no comfort in the World,
To Women that are kinde.
Well, Ile not ſtay with her, Stay quotha?
To bee yauld and iauld at, and tumbled and thumbled, and toſt and turn'd as I am by an old Hagge,
I will not, no I will not i'faith.

Enter Will Cricket.

But ſtay, I muſt put on my ſmirking looke, and ſmiling countenance:
For heere comes one maks bomination ſuit to be my ſprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would ſerue mee to ſpeake to her, now ſhe talkes of her ſprus'd hnsband.
Well, Ile ſet a good face on't,
Now Ile clap mee as cloſe to her as *Ioanes* buttocks of a cloſe ſtoole, & come ouer her with my rowling, rattling rumbling eloquence.
Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, daintie *Pegge*, braue *Pegge*, kinde *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my ſweeting, my Loue, my Doue, my honnie, my bunny, my Ducke my Deare, and my Darling.
Grace me with thy pleaſant eyes.
And loue without delay:
And caſt not with thy crabbed lookes,
A proper man away.

Pegge. Why *William*, Whats the matter?

Will, Whats the matter, quotha,
Faith I ha beene in a faire taking for you; a bots on you:
For tother day after I had ſeene you, preſently my belly began to rumble.
Whats the matter thought I?
With that I bethought my ſelfe, and the ſweet comporte-

nance

nance of that ſame ſweet round face of thine, came into my minde.
Out went I, and Ile be ſworne I was ſo neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.
And doſt heare *Pegge*?
If thou doſt not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;
Firſt and formoſt Ile run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for thee.
Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you ſhould doe ſo for mee.
Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and loue me then?
Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.
Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an anſwer's that? If thou wilt ſay, I *Pegge*, take thee *William*; to my ſpruce Husband.
Peg. Why ſo I will; but wee muſt haue more company for witneſſes firſt.
Will. That needes not: heere's good ſtore of young men and maides heere.
Peg. Why then heere's my hand.
Will. Faith that's honeſtly ſpoken: ſay after me:
I *Pegge Pudding*, promiſe thee *William Cricket*,
That Ile hold thee for mine owne ſweet Lilly,
While I haue a head in mine eye, and a face on my noſe, a mouth in my tongue, and al that a woman ſhould haue, from the crowne of my foote, to the ſoale of my head:
Ile claſpe thee, and clip thee, coll thee, and kiſſe thee,
Till I bee better then naught, and worſe then nothing:
When thou art ready to ſleepe, Ile be ready to ſnort:
When thou art in health, Ile be in gladneſſe:
When thou art ſicke, Ile be ready to die,
When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:
And therevpon I ſtrike thee good lucke:
Well ſaid yfaith:
O I could find in my hoſe to pocket thee in my heart,
Come my heart of gold, lets haue a dance at the making

vp of this match:
Strike vp *Tom Piper*. *They daunce.*
Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,
And at twilight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Robin Good-fellow and Peter Ploddall.

Robin. Come hither my honeſt friend: M. *Churms* told me you had a ſute to me,
What's the matter?

Peter. Pray ye ſir is your name *Robin-Goodfellow*?

Robin. My name is *Robin-goodfellow*.

Peter. Marry ſir I heare y'are a very cunning man ſir? And ſir reuerence of your worſhip ſir, I am going a woing to one Miſtreſſe *Lelia* a Gentlewoman heere hard by: Pray yee ſir, tell mee how I ſhould behaue my ſelfe, to get her to my Wife?
For ſir, there is a Scholler about her:
Now if you can tell mee, how I ſhould wipe his noſe of her, I would beſtow a fee of you.

Robin. Let mee ſee't, and thou ſhalt ſee what Ile ſay to thee. *He giues him money.*
Well, follow my counſell, and Ile warrant thee;
Ile giue thee a Loue-powder for thy wench,
And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, ſhall make her come off y faith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you ſo farre as to take ſome paines with mee?
I am loth to haue the dodge.

Robin. Tuſh, feare not the dodge:
Ile rather put on my flaſhing red Noſe, and my flaming Face, and come wrapt in a Calues-skin and cry bo, bo:
Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.
But firſt goe to her, try what thou canſt doe;
Perhaps ſheele loue thee without any further adoe:
But thou muſt tell her, thou haſt a good ſtocke, ſome hundred or two a yeare, & that will ſet her hard I warrant thee.

For

For by'th Maſſe I was once in good comfort to haue coſend a Wench:
And wots thou what I told her?
I told her, I had a hundred pound land a yeere in a place, where I haue not the breadth of my little finger.
I promiſed her to infeoffe her in fortie poundes a yeere of it: and I thinke of my conſcience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,
I ſhould haue made her haue curſt the time that euer ſhee ſee it.
And thus muſt thou doe, crack, and lye, and face,
And thou ſhalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe ſo, for I may ſay and ſay true,
I haue Lands and Liuing enough for a Country fellow.

Robin. Barlady ſo had not I, I was faine to ouerreach as many times I doe:
But now experience hath taught mee ſo much craft, that I excell in cunning.

Peter. Well ſir, then Ile be bold to truſt to your cunning, and ſo Ile bid you farewell, and goe foreward:
Ile to her thats flat.

Robin. Doe ſo: and let me heare how you ſpeed.

Peter. That I will ſir. *Exit Peter.*

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Heere's ten groates for doing nothing:
I con Maiſter *Churms* thankes for this,
For this was his deuiſe;
And therefore Ile goe ſeeke him out, and giue him a quart of wine.
And know of him, how he deales with the Scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? looke ye ſir, by the Lord I can but wonder at her Father,
Hee knowes you to bee a Gentleman of good bringing vp:
And though your wealth be not anſwerable to his,
Yet by heauens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre bet-

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know she loues you dearely.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Ioyde not so much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hopt-for loue?
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw loues picture from her glauncing eye.

Chur. And I will stretch my wits vnto the highest straine,
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

Sophos. Thankes gentle sir. *Enter Gripe.*
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I must speake a word or two with him. *speakes to himselfe*

Churmes. I, hele giue you your answere (I warrant yee.)

Sophos. God saue you sir.

Gripe. O Maister *Sophos*, I haue longed to speake with you a great while,
I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,
I hope you will not seeke to dishonest mee, nor disgrace my Daughter.

Sophos. No sir, a man may aske a yea,
A woman may say nay.
Yet I must confesse I loue *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must bee plaine with you: I like not of your loue,
Lelia's mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any more.
Its better for you to ply your Booke, and seeke for some preferment that way, then to seeke for a Wife before you know how to maintaine her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore:
I neither want, nor euer shall exceed;
The meane is my content, I liue twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell yee, I like not yee should come to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*; and therefore I charge you

you get you off, of my ground, come no more at my Houſe:
I like not this Learning without Liuing, I.

Sophos. Hee needes muſt goe, that the Deuill driues,
Sic Virtus ſine cenſu languet. *Exit Sophos.*

Gripe. O M. *Churms*, cry you mercie ſir, I ſaw not you: I thinke I haue ſent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.
I trow heele come no more at my houſe.

Churms. No, for if he doe, you may indite him for comming of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter, She ſhall neither goe to him, nor ſend to him:
Ile watch her (Ile warrant her)
Before God M. *Churms*, it is the peeuiſheſt girle that euer I knew in my life, ſhe will not be rul'd, I doubt:
Pray ye ſir, doe indeauour to perſwade her, to take *Peter Ploddall.*

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perſwade her feare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurſe.

Lelia. What ſorrow ſeiſeth on my heauie heart?
Conſuming care poſſeſſeth euery part:
Heart-ſad *Erinnis* keepes his manſion heere,
Within the cloſure of my wofull breaſt;
And blacke Deſpaire, with Yron Scepter ſtandes,
And guides my thoughts, downe to his hateſull Cell.
The wanton windes with whiſtling murmure beare
My pearcing Plaints along the deſart plaines:
And woods, and Groues, doe eccho forth my woes:
The Earth below relents in Chriſtall teares,
When Heauens aboue, by ſome malignant courſe
Of fatall Starres, are authors of my griefe.
Fond Loue, goe hide thy Shaftes in Follies den,
And let the world forget thy Childiſh force,
Or elſe flye, flye, pierce *Sophos* tender breaſt,

That he may helpe to ſympathize theſe plaints:
That writing theſe teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurſe. Why, how now Miſtreſſe; What is it Loue that makes you weepe, and toſſe, and turne ſo a nights when you are in bed?
Saint *Leonard* graunt you fall not loue ſicke.

Lelia. I, thats the point, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed,
And ſo make lauiſh of my loathed life:
Or gentle Heauens would ſmile with faire aſpect,
And ſo giue better fortunes to my loue,
Why, iſt not a plague to bee priſoner to mine owne father?

Nurſe. Yes, ant's a ſhame for him to vſe you ſo too.
But bee of good cheare Miſtreſſe, Ile goe to *Sophos* euery day, Ile bring you tidings, and tokens to from him, (Ile warrant yee,) and if hee will ſend you a kiſſe or to, Ile bring it; Let me alone, I am good at a dead lift:
Marry I cannot blame you for louing of *Sophos*,
Why, hees a man as one ſhould picture him in Waxe.
But Miſtreſſe, out vpon's wipe your eyes,
For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Miſtreſſe *Lelia*. God ſpeed you.

Lelia. Thats more then wee neede at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good ſay a good word, as a bad.

Lelia. But tis more wiſedome to ſay nothing at all, then ſpeake to no purpoſe.

Peter. My purpoſe is to wiue you.

Lelia. And mine is neuer to wed you.

Peter. Belike you are in loue with ſome body elſe.

Nurſe. No, but ſhe's luſtily promiſed:
Heare you; you with long rifle by your ſide, doe you lacke a wife?

Peter. Call ye this a rifle? its a good Backe ſword.

Nurſe. Why then you with your Backe ſword, lets ſee your backe.

Peter.

Peter. Nay, I muſt ſpeake with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with me?

Peter. Marry, I haue heard very well of you; and ſo has my father too,
And he has ſent me to you a woing,
And if you haue any minde of marriage,
I hope I ſhall maintaine you as well as any Husbandmans wife in the Countrie.

Nurſe. Maintaine her, with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Lands and Liuings, my Father has promiſ'd me.

Lelia. I haue heard much of your Wealth, but I neuer knew your Manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I haue no Mannors, but a prettie Homeſtall, and we haue great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, and Plowes, and Houſhold-ſtuffe bomination,
And great flockes of Sheepe, and flockes of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, we haue a fine yard of Pullen:
And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot liue content, in diſcontent:
For as no Muſicke can delight the eares,
Where all the parts of Diſcords are compoſed:
So Wedlocke bands will ſtill conſiſt in iarres,
Where in condition ther's no ſympathie:
Then reſt your ſelfe contented with this anſwere,
I cannot loue.

Peter. Its no matter what you ſay: for my Father told mee thus much before I came, that you would bee ſomthing nice at firſt; but hee bad mee like you nere the worſe for that, for I were the liker to ſpeed.

Lelia. Then you were beſt leaue off your ſuite till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerues mee to loue you, Ile ſend for you.

Peter. Will you? well then Ile take my leaue of you,

and

and if I may heare from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his paines.
But stay: Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe,
Pray'ee let me kisse your hand ere I goe.
Nur. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse:
A little would serue his turne belike:
Let him kisse your hand.
Lelia. Ile not sticke for that. *He kisses her hand.*
Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.
Lelia, Farewell *Peter*. *Exit Peter.*
Thus Lucre set in golden Chaire of state,
When Learning's bid, stand by and keepe aloofe:
This greedy humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine.

Enter Churms.

Nurse. Mistresse, take heed you speake nothing that will beare action, for heere comes M. *Churms* the Pettifogger.
Churms. Mistresse *Lelia*, rest you merry:
Whats the reason you, and your Nurse walke heere alone?
Lelia. Because, sir, wee desire no other company but our owne.
Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you company.
Nurse. O sir, you and hee that is her owne, are farre asunder.
Churms. But if she please, we may be nearer.
Lelia. That cannot bee: mine owne is neerer then my selfe.
And yet my selfe, alas, am not mine owne;
Thoughts, Feares, Despaires, tenne thousand dreadfull Dreames:
Those are mine owne, and these doe keepe mee company.
Churms. Before God, I must confesse, your Father is too cruell,
To keepe you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscurity,

And

And seeke to wed you to an idiot foole,
That knowes not how to vse himselfe:
Could my desearts but answere my desires,
I sweare by *Sol* faire *Phœbus* siluer eye,
My heart would wish no higher to aspire,
Then to be grac'd with *Lelias* loue.
By *Iesus*, I canot play the dissembler,
And woe my loue with courting ambages,
Like one whose loue hangs on his smooth tongues end,
But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,
I loue faire *Lelia*.
By her my pasions daily are increas'd.
And I must die, vnlesse by *Lelias* loue they be releas'd.

Lelia. Why Maister *Churms*, I had thought you had bin my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

Churms. Nay, damm me if I bee:
By Heauens, sweete Nimph I am not.

Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her father: and if you loue her as you say, perswade him to vse her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choice: for these made marriages proue not well.

Churms. I protest I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Meane while, *Nurse* lets in:
My long absence I know, will make my father muse.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Who can but ruminate vpon these words?
Would she had said, her loue:
But tis no matter; first creepe, and then goe;
Now her friend: the next degree, *Lelias* loue.
Well, Ile perswade her father to let her haue a little more libertie.
But soft, Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chance cosen mee.
Perswade him to keepe her in still:
And before shele haue *Peter Pleddall*, shele haue any body,

And ſo I ſhall be ſure that *Sophos* ſhall neuer come at her.
Why Ile warrant yee, ſheele bee glad to run away with mee at length
Hang him that has no ſhiftes,
I promiſ'd *Sophos* to further him in his ſuite:
But if I doe, Ile be pickt to death with Hens.
I ſwore to *Gripe*, I would perſwade *Lelia* to loue *Peter Ploddall*.
But God forgiue me t'was the furtheſt end of my thought.
Tut, what's an oath? euery man for himſelfe:
Ile ſhift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus, *ſolus.*

Fortn. Thus haue I paſt the beating billowes of the ſea,
By Ithacks rockes, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted ſafe from *Mars* his bloody fieldes,
Where Trumpets ſound Tantara to the fight,
And heere arm'd for to repoſe my ſelfe,
Vpon the borders of my natiue ſoyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happy courſe
Vnto thy fathers houſe, to greet thy deareſt friends:
And if that ſtill thy aged Sire ſuruiue,
Thy preſence will reuiue his drooping ſpirits, (blood,
And cauſe his withered cheekes bee ſprent with youthfull
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But ſoft who comes heere? *Stand aſide.*

Enter Robin-Goodfellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Maiſter *Churms*,
I would faine know how he ſpeedes,
And what ſucceſſe he has in *Lelias* loue:
Well, if he coſen the ſcholler of her,
Twould make my worſhip laugh:
And if hee haue her, hee may ſay, God a mercy *Robin-good fellow*.
Oh, ware a good head, as long as yeu liue.
Why, Maiſter *Gripe*, he caſts beyond the Moone,

And

And *Charms* is the onely man hee puts in truſt with his daughter, and (Ile warrant the old Churle would take it vpon his ſaluation, that he will perſwade her to marry.

Peter Ploddall. But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him i'th face and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Charms* coſen him of his Wench,
And my old grandſire Holdfaſt of his Daughter.
And if he can doe ſo,
Ile teach him a tricke to coſen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the Willow Garland,
And play the Melancholly Malecontent,
And pluck his hat downe in his ſullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia* in theſe deſert Groues:
T'is enough for him to haue her in his thoughts,
Although he nere imbrace her in hir armes.
But now, there is a fine deuiſe come into my head,
To ſcarre the Scholler:
You ſhall ſee Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay, that euery day he keepes his walke
Amongſt theſe Woods and melancholly Shades;
And on the *Barke* of euery ſenceleſſe Tree,
Ingraues the Tenour of his hapleſſe hope.
Now when hee's at *Venus* Altar at his Oriſons,
Ile put me on my great carpation Noſe, †
And wrap me in a rouſing Calue-skin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob-goblin, or ſome Diuell
Aſcended from the grilly pit of Hell,
And like a Scarbabe make him take his legges:
Ile play the Diuell, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin Good-fellow.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Coniurer.

Bluſh Fortunatus, at the baſe conceit,
To ſtand aloofe, like one that's in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe,
(Whoſe tongue more venome then the Serpents ſting)
Before thy face thus taunt thy deareſt friends?
I, thine owne Father with reprochfull tearmes,

† It should probably be carnation. He has before called it a flaming flashing red nose.

Thy ſiſter *Lelia*, ſhe is bought and ſold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a ſtale by this baſe curſed crew,
And damned den of vagrant runnagates:
But heere in ſight of ſacred Heauens, I ſweare
By all the ſorrowes of the *Stygian* ſoules,
By *Mars* his bloody blade, and faire *Bellonas* Bowers,
I vow, theſe eyes ſhall nere behold my fathers face,
Theſe feet ſh all neuer paſſe theſe deſert Plaines:
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in theſe Woods,
Vntill I find out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
And ſound the depth of all their plotted driſts:
Nor will I ceaſe vnill theſe hands reuenge
Th'iniurious wrongs thats offered to my friend,
Vpon the workers of this ſtratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge ſola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell who:
Out vpon this Loue:
For wot you what? I haue ſuitors come huddle, twoes vpon twoes, and threes vpon threes: and what thinke you troubles mee?
I muſt chat and kiſſe with all commers, or elſe no bargaine.

Enter will Cricket, and kiſſes her.

Will. A bargaine yfaith: ha my ſweet hony-ſops, how doſt thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I ſee y'are a man of your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I nere broke promiſe in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not;
But I had forgotten me.

Will. Doſt heare *Pegge*? if ere I forget thee,
I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

Pegge. Peace, heere comes my Granam *Midnight.*

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mi. What *Pegge?* what ho? what *Peg, I say?*
What *Pegge* my Wench?
What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Heere Granam at your elbow.

Mother M. What mak'ſt thou heere this twatter light?
I thinke th'art in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds foule in your face: foole O monſtrous intitulation.
Foole? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds, foole not me, for I cannot brook ſuch a cold rather I can tell you: giue mee but ſuch another word, and Ile bee thy tooth-drawer, een of thy Butter-tooth, thou tooth-leſſe Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray ye be not angry, you muſt beare with old folkes,
They bee old and teaſty, hot and haſty: ſet not your witte againſt mine, *William*,
For I thought you no harme by my troth.

Will. Well your good wordes haue ſomething laide my choller.
But Granam, ſhall I bee ſo bold to come to your houſe now and then to keepe *Pegge* company.

Mother M. I, and beſhrow thy good heart and thou doſt not:
Come, and weele haue a peece of a Barley Bag-pudding, or ſomething.
And thou ſhalt bee very heartily welcome, that thou ſhalt,
And *Pegge* ſhall bid thee welcome too: pray yee Maid, bid him welcome, & make much of him, for by my vay hee's a good ſpringold.

Pegge. Granam, if you did but ſee him dance, twould doe your heart good:
Lord, twould make any body loue him, to ſee how finely hee'le ſoote it.

Moth. M. William, prethee goe home to my houſe with vs, and taſte a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

way againe another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, Ile man you home yfaith:
Come Pegge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter, and Churms the Lawyer.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, hold vp your head: wheres your cap and legge, sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leaue maister *Gripe.*

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand th'rat welcome? Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour: call you him a Boy?

Ploddall. A good prettie square Springold sir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you haue seene my Daughter I am sure: how doe you like her?
What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I haue broken my minde to her, and she would say neither I nor no:
But, thanke God sir, we parted good friends,
For she let me kisse her hand, and bad. Farewell *Peter*,
And therefore I thinke I am like enough to speede:
How thinke ye Maister *Churms?*

Churms. Marry I thinke so too,
For shee did shew no token of any dislike of your motion, did shee?

Peter. No not a whit sir.

Churms. Why then I warrant ye
For weeshold in our Law, that, *Idem est non apparare, & non esse.*

Grip. Maister *Churms*, I pray you doe so much as call my Daughter hither.
I will make her sure heere to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile desire you to be a witnesse.

Churms. With all my heart sir. *Exit Churms.*

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. *Churms* is a very good Lawyer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad vnguem.*

Ploddall.

Ploddall. Marry een the more ioy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churmes, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father did you send for me?

Gripe. I Wench I did: come hither *Lelia*, giue mee thy hand.
Maister *Churms*, I pray you beare witnesse,
I here giue *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall.* *She plucks her hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Sheele none, she thankes you sir.

Gripe. Will she none? Why how now, *I* say?
What? you pewling peuish thing, you vntoward baggage
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?
And will you doe as you list?
A way I say, hang, starue, begge, be gone, packe I say:
Out of my sight,
Thou nere gets Penney-worth of my goods, for this:
Thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest: } *Exeunt Lelia.*
Begone I say; I will not heare thee speake } *and Nurse.*

Churms. I pray you sir patient your selfe: shees young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about her still, makes her so vntoward:
But Ile home, Ile set her a harder taske:
Ile keepe her in, & looke to her a little better then I ha done, ile make her haue little minde of gadding, Ile warrant her.
Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for hee's welcome thither, and shall bee welcome; and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too, ere I ha done with her.
Come *Peter* follow vs. *Exeunt all but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still.
This is beyond expectation:
Why now this geare begins to worke,
But beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would haue yeelded, when I saw her father take her by the hand and call

me

me for a witneſſe, my hart began to quake.
But to ſay the truth, ſhee had little reaſon to take a Cullian lug-loafe, milke ſop ſlaue;
When ſhe may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman that ſtandes vpon his reputation in the Country:
One whoſe diminutiue defect of Law, may compare with his little Learning:
Well, I ſee that *Churms* muſt bee the man muſt carry *Lelia* when all's done.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. How now Maiſter *Churms*, what newes abroad? Mee thinkes you looke very ſpruce: y'are verie frolike now alate.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the ſquares with you?
Y'are waxen very proud alate, you will not know your old friends.

Robin. Fayth I een came to ſeeke you, to beſtow a quart of wine of you.

Churms. Thats ſtrange: you were nere wont to bee ſo liberall.

Robin. Tuſh man, one good turne askes another: cleare gaines man, cleare gaines:
Peter Ploddall ſhall pay for all: I haue guld him once
And Ile come ouer him againe and againe. I warrant yee.

Churms. Faith, *Lelia* has een giuen him the doff of here, and has made her father almoſt ſtarke mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I ſhall bee ſure of more of his cuſtome.
But what ſucceſſe haue you in your ſute with her?

Churms. Fayth all hitherto goes well,
I haue made the motion to her,
But as yet we are growne to no concluſion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you ſhall get her Fathers good will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the Wench, I care not for that?

That

That will come afterward.
And Ile be ſure of ſome thing in the meane time.
For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather vp what money I can amongſt them,
And *Gripe* ſhall nere know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of thoſe that are ſcarce able to pay;
Take the one halfe, and forgiue them the other, rather then
ſit out at all.

Churms. Tuſh let me alone for that:
But ſirra, I haue brought the ſcholler into a fooles Paradiſe
Why, hee has made mee his ſpokeſman to Miſtreſſe *Lelia*.
And Gods my Iudge, I nere ſo much as name him to hir.

Robin. O, bith mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
Ile attire my ſelfe fit for the ſame purpoſe,
Like to ſome helliſh Hag or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods;
O I ſhall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldſt ſcare him out of his wits:
Then ſhould I ha the wench cocke ſure,
I doubt no body but him.

Robin Well, lets goe drinke together,
And then Ile goe put on my diueliſh roabes,
I meane my Chriſtmas Calues skin ſuite,
And then walke to the woodes:
O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos ſolus.

Sophos. Will heauens ſtill ſmile at *Sophos* miſeries,
And giue no end to my vnceſſant mones?
Theſe Cipreſſe ſhades are witneſſe of my woes,
The ſenſeleſſe trees doe grieue at my laments,
The leauie branches drop ſweet *Myrrhas* teares,
For loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe,
And ſullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatall ſtarres conſpir'd in one,
To frame a hapleſſe conſtellation,

Presaging Sophos luckleſſe deſtinie.
Heere, heere, doth Sophos turne *Ixions* reſtleſſe wheele,
And heere lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
Of his ſweet *Lelias* loue, whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill,
Prolongs the hapleſſe date of *Sophos* hopeleſſe life:
Ah, ſaid I life? a life farre worſe then death:
Then death? I then ten thouſand deaths.
I daily die, in that I liue loues thrall,
They die thrice happie, that once die for all.
Heere will I ſtay my weatie wandring ſteps,
And lay me downe vpon this ſolid earth, *He lies downe.*
The mother of deſpaire and balefull thoughts.
I, this befits my melancholly moodes:
Now, now me thinkes I heare the prettie Birdes,
With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warme blood drop from heart,
And forceth watry teares from theſe my weeping eyes:
Me thinkes I heare the ſiluer ſounding ſtreames,
With gentle murmur ſummon me to ſleepe,
Singing a ſweet melodious lullaby:
Heere will I take a nap, and drowne my hapleſſe hopes,
In the Ocean ſeas of neuer like to ſpeed.
He falls in a ſlumber, and Muſicke ſounds.

Enter Syluanus.

Syluanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leauy Bowers
Drawne by the ſound of Ecchoes ſad reports,
That with ſhrill notes and high reſounding voice,
Doth pierce the very cauerns of the earth,
And rings through hilles and Dales the ſad laments
Of Vertues loſſe, and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.
Now *Morpheus* rouſe thee from thy ſable Den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbring traunce,
Whil'ſt old *Syluanus* ſend a louely traine
Of Satyres, Driades, and watrie Nymphes,
Out of their Bowers, to tune their ſiluer ſtringes,

And

And with ſweet ſounding Muſicke ſing,
Some pleaſing Madrigalls and Roundelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe diſtreſſe. *Exit Siluanus.*

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres ſinging.

THE SONGE.

1

SAtyres ſing, let ſorrow keepe her Cell,
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
And ſounding Muſicke yell,
Through Hils, through Dales, ſad griefe & care to kill,
In him long ſince alas hath grieu'd his fill.

2

Sleepe no more, but walke and liue content,
Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore:
The Syluan *Gods lament*
To heare, to ſee thy mone, thy loſſe, thy loue:
Thy plaints to teares, the flinty Rockes doe mone.

3

Grieue not then, the Queene of Loue is milde,
She ſweetly ſmiles on men,
When Reaſon's moſt beguil'd:
Her lookes, her ſmiles, are kinde, are ſweet are faire:
Awake therefore and ſleepe not ſtill in care.

4

Loue intendes to free thee from annoy,
His Nymphes Syluanus *ſends:*
To bid thee liue in ioy,
In hope in ioy, ſweete loue delights imbrace:
Faire Loue her ſelfe will yeeld thee ſo much grace.
Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.

Sophos. What doe I heare? What harmony is this?
With ſiluer ſound that glutteth *Sophos* eares?
And driues ſad Paſſions from his heauie heart,
Preſaging ſome good future hap ſhall fall,
After theſe bluſtring blaſts of diſcontent:
Thankes gentle Nymphes and Satyres too adiew,
That thus compaſſionate a loyall Louers woe,
When heauen ſits ſmiling at his dire miſhaps.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary ſteps I trace theſe deſart groues,
And ſearch to find out *Sophos* ſecret walkes
My trueſt vowed friend, and *Lelias* deareſt loue.
Sop. What voyce is this ſounds *Lelias* ſacred name? *riſeth*
Is it ſome Satyre that hath viewd her late,
And's growne enamour'd of her gorgeous hew?
Fortunatus. No Satyre *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend:
Whoſe deareſt blood doth reſt at thy command.
Hath ſorrow lately bleard thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetſt the laſting league of loue,
Long ſince was vowed betwixt thy ſelfe and me?
Looke on me man: I am thy friend.
Sophos. O now I know thee, now thou nam'ſt my friend:
I haue no friend to whom I dare
vnload the burthen of my griefe,
But onely *Fortunatus* hee's my ſecond ſelfe,
Mi. *Fortunatus, Fortunate Venter.*
Fort. How fares my friend? me thinkes you looke not wel:
Your eyes are ſunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What meanes this alteration?
Sophos. My mind ſweet friend is like a reſtleſſe ſhip,
That's hurld and toſt vpon the ſurging ſeas,
By *Boreas* bitter blaſts and *Eſos* whiſtling winds,
On Rockes and ſands farre from the wiſhed port
Whereon my ſily ſhip deſires to land;
Faire *Lelias* loue that is the wiſhed hauen,
Wherein my wandring mind would take repoſe,
For want of which, my reſtleſſe thoughts are toſt:

For

For want of which all *Sophos* ioyes are loſt.

Fortu. Doth *Sophos* loue my ſiſter *Lelia*?

Sophos. She, ſhe, it is whoſe loue I wiſh to gaine:
Nor need I wiſh, nor doe I loue in vaine,
My loue ſhe doth repay with equall meed:
'Tis ſtrange you'le ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeed.

Fortunatus. Your loue repaid with equall meed:
And yet you languiſh ſtill in loue? tis ſtrange: (friend,
From whence proceeds your griefe? vnfold vnto your
A friend may yeeld reliefe.

Sophos My want of wealth is authour of my griefe,
Your father ſayes, my ſtate is too too low: (loue,
I am no Hobby bred; I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias*
The loftie Eagle will not catch at flies.
When I with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sunne,
He is the onely fiery *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And feares my waxen wings, when as I ſoare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper pleads remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe mine eyes beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater griefe? what other Hell then this?
To be denied to come where my beloued is.

Fortunatus. Doe you alone loue *Lelia*?
Haue you no riuals with you in your loue?

Sophos. Yes onely one, and him your father backes,
'Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* ſonne and heyre,
One whoſe baſe ruſticke rude deſert
Vnworthy farre to win ſo faire a prize,
Yet meanes your father for to make a match
For golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,
And ſcornes at vertues lore: hence growes my griefe.

Fortu. If it be true, I heare there is one *Churms* beſide,
Makes ſuite to win my ſiſter to his bride.

Sophos. That cannot be, *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenor of my loue
To *Lelias* eares, I haue no other meanes.

Fortu. Well, truſt him not: the Tiger hides his Clawes,
When oft he doth pretend the greateſt guiles.
But ſtay: heere comes *Lelias* Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Sophos. *Nurſe*, what newes?
How fares my Loue?

Nurſe. How fares ſhee quotha? Marry ſhee may fare how ſhee will for you: Neither came to her, nor ſend to her of a whole fourtnight?
Now I ſware to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband ſhould haue ſeru'd mee ſo when hee came a woing to mee, I would neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had liued.
But he was as kinde a wretch as euer laid lips of a woman. Hee would a come through the Windowes, or Doors, or wals, or any thing, but he would haue come to me.
Marry after wee had beene married a while, his kindneſſe began to ſlacke, for Ile tell you what he did:
Hee made mee beleeue hee would goe to Greene-gooſe faire, and Ile bee ſworne, hee tooke his legges and ranne cleane away:
And I am afraide youle prooue een ſuch another kinde peece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhee ſits at home in a corner weping for you; and Ile bee ſworne, ſhees ready to die vpward for you:
And her father oth other ſide, he yoles at her, and ioles at her: and ſhe leades ſuch a life for you, it paſſes; and youle neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhe thinkes you haue forgotten her:

Sophos, Nay, then let heauens in ſorrow end my dayes,
And fatall Fortune neuer ceaſe to frowne:
And heauen and earth, and all conſpire to pull mee downe
If blacke Obliuion ſeiſe vpon my heart,
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loue.

Fortunatus. Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* heares from *Sophos* once a day at leaſt, by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely friend.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. What, young Maiſter? God bleſſe mine eye ſight,
Now by my Maydenhead y'are welcome home,
I am ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you.
But what ſay you of Maiſter *Churms*.

Fortu. Marry, I ſay hee's a wel-willer to my ſiſter *Lelia*,
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurſe. Marry the Deuill he is: truſt him, and hang him:
Why, he cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old Maiſter; and hee does ſo rifle before my Miſtreſſe with his barbarian eloquence, and ſtrut before her in a paire of *Polonian* legges, as if he were a Gentleman Vſher to the great *Turke*, or to the Deuill of *Dowgate*:
And if my Miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might go ſnik-vp: But he has ſuch a buttermilke face, that ſheele neuer haue him.

Sophos. Can Falſhood lurke in thoſe inticing lookes?
And deepe Diſſemblance lie, where Truth appeares?

Fortunatus. Iniurious villany, to betray his friend!

Nurſe. Sir doe you know the Gentleman?

Fortunatus. Faith not well.

Nurſe. Why ſir, he lookes like a red Herring at a Noblemans table on Eaſter day; and hee ſpeakes nothing but Almond-butter, and Suger Candie.

Fortu. Thats excellent.

Sophos. This world's the *Chaos* of confuſion:
No world at all but Maſſe of open wrongs.
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may ſee,
The high road way from woe to miſerie.

Fortu. Connet your ſelfe, and leaue theſe paſsions,
Now doe I found the depth of all their driftes,
The Deuils deuiſe, and *Churms* his knauerie:
On whom his heart vowed to be reueng'd.
Ile ſcatter them: the plot's already in my head.
Nu. hie thee home, commende me to my ſiſter:
Bid her this night ſend for Maiſter *Churms*,
To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefes,
Exclayme againſt her Fathers hard conſtraint,

And

And ſo cunningly temporize with this cunning *Caſſe*,
That he may thinke ſhe loues him as her life,
Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lyes by the forreſt ſide,
That none *But* hee, ſhall haué her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time,
To morrow night: when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here wil I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
Accompanied with her gentleman Vſher,
Whoſe amorous thoughts, doe dreame on nought but loue,
And if this *Baſtinado* hould,
Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
Let me alone to vſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I haue laid,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhall be betrayd,
And for the Deuill, Ile coniure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gone: bid her not faile,
And for a token, beare to her this Ring,
Which well ſhe knowes, for when I ſaw her laſt,
It was her fauour, and ſhe gaue it me.

Sophos. And beare her this from me.
And with this Ring, bid her receiue my heart:
My heart? alas, my heart I cannot giue,
How ſhould I giue her that which is her owne?

Nurſe. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is no robberie.
Well, Ile giue her your Tokens, and tell her what ye ſay.

Fortunatus. Doe good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my Father know that I am heere, vntill wee haue effected all our purpoſes.

Nurſe. Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,
As Maiſter *Churms* does with *Sophos*.
I would ha my eares cut from my head firſt. *Exit Nurſe.*

Fortunatus. Come *Sophos*, cheere vp your ſelfe man,
Let Hope expell theſe melancholie dumpes,

Meane,

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the euents of this deuiſe will fall,
Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your Loue.
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you ſhall haue her.

Sophos. And I will ſtudie to deſerue this loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket, ſolus.

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Maiſter *Churms*.
A good proper man:
Marry Maiſter *Churms* has ſomething a better paire of
Legges indeed:
But for a ſweet Face, a fine *Beard*, comely Corps,
And a carowſing Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Shew me ſuch a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kiſſe,
As *William Cricket* is.
Why looke you now: if I had bin ſuch a great long, large,
Lobcokt, loſeld Lurden, as Maiſter *Churms* is,
Ile warrant you, I ſhould neuer haue got *Pegge* as long as I had liued: for (doe you marke) a Wench will neuer loue a man that has all his ſubſtance in his Legges.
But ſtay: heere comes my Landlord,
I muſt goe and ſalute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his ſonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didſt thou ſee *Robin Goodfellow*? Hees the man muſt doe the fact.

Peter. Fayth Father, I ſee him not this two dayes; but Ile ſeeke him out: for I know heele doe the deede, and ſhee were twentie *Lelias*.
For father, hees very a cunning man: for, giue him but ten groates, and heele giue mee a Powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me:

And when I haue her there, Ile vſe her well enough.

Ploddall. Will he ſo? Marrie, I will giue him vortie ſhillings, if he can doe it.

Peter. Nay, heele doe more then that to,
For heele make himſelfe like a Deuill, and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out ons wits

Ploddall. Marrie Ieſus bleſſe vs: will he ſo?
Marrie thou ſhalt haue vortie ſhillings to giue him, and thy mother ſhall beſtow a hard Cheeſe on him beſide.

Will. Landlord, a pox on you, this good morne.

Ploddall. How now foole? what, doſt curſe me?

Will. How now foole; How now Catterpiller?
Its a ſigne of Death, when ſuch Vermine creepe hedges ſo early in the morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you ſpeake?

Wil. Indeed *Peter*, I muſt confeſſe I want ſome of your wooing maners, or elſe I might haue turnde my faire buſh tayle to you in ſteed of your Feather: & haue giuen you the ill ſalutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sirra, I heare ſay you muſt be married ſhortly,
Ile make you pay a ſweet fine for your Houſe, for this.
Ha? ſirra, am not I your Landlord?

Will. Yes, for fault of a better; but you get neither ſweet fine, nor ſower fine of mee?

Ploddall. My Maiſters, I pray you beare witneſſe,
I doe diſcharge him then.

Will. My Maiſters, I pray you beare witneſſe:
My Landlord has giuen me a generall diſcharge.
Ile be married preſently, my fines paied: I haue a diſcharge for it. *He offers to goe away.*

Ploddall. Nay prithee ſtay.

Will. No Ile not ſtay, Ile goe call the clarke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church preſently,
What ho? What *Clarke* I ſay? where are you? *Enter Clarke.*

Clearke.

Clarke. Who cals me? what would you haue with me?
Marry Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any clame to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the crier, or elfe *William Cricket* will wip his noſe of her,

Clearke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I thats it: a bots ont, I cannot hit of theſe marrying tearmés yet.
And Ile deſire my Landlord here and his ſonne, to bee at the Celebration of my marriage too?
Yfaith *Peter* you ſhal cramme your guts full of Cheeſecakes and Cuſtards there.
And ſirra *Clearke*, if thou wilt ſay Amen ſloutly:
Yfaith my powderbeefe ſlaue,
Ile haue a rumpe of beefe for thee, ſhall make thy mouth ſtand oth tother ſide.

Clearke. When would you haue it done?

Will. Marrie eene as ſonne as may be: let me ſee:
I will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: and the next holiday that comes I will be askt ith forenoone, and married ith after noone: For (doe you marke) I am none of theſe ſneaking fellowes that will ſtand thrumming of Caps, and ſtudying vpon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to ſhow his little wit in the ſecond part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with woeing, Ile end with Wedding.
And therefore good *Clearke*, let mee haue it done with all ſpeed: for I promiſe you, I am very ſharpe ſet.

Clearke. Faith you may bee askt ith Church on Sunday at morning praier; but *Sir Iohn* cannot tend to doe it at Euening prayer: for there comes a company of Players to'th Towne on Sunday ith after noone; and *Sir Iohn* is ſo good a fellow, that I know heele ſcarſe leaue their company, to ſay Euening prayer.
For (though I ſay it) hees a very painefull man, and takes ſo great delight in that facultie, that heele take as great paine

about building of a Stage, or ſo as the baſeſt fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he haue ſo lawfull an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Lanlord, I hope, you and your ſonne *Peter*, will make bould with vs, and trouble vs.

Ploddall. Nay *William*, we would bee loath to trouble you: But you ſhall haue our company there.

Will. Faith you ſhall be verie hartily welcome, and wee will haue good merry Rogues there that will make you laugh till you burſt.

Peter. Why *William*, what companie doe you meane to haue?

Will. Marrie, firſt and formoſt, there will bee an honeſt Dutch Cobler, that will ſing (*I will no more are to Burgine goe*) the beſt that euer you did heare.

Ploddall. What muſt a Cobler be your chiefe gueſt?
Why hees a baſe fellow.

Will. A baſe fellow? you may be aſhamed to ſay ſo;
For hees an honeſt fellow, and a good fellow,
And hee begines to carry the very badge of good-fellowſhip vpon his Noſe; that I doe not doubt but in time, hee will proeue as good a Cuppe companion, as *Robin Goodfellow* himſelfe:
I, and hee's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tell you what, tie him to'th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſecake, a Hogs Cheeke or a Calues head, turne any man i'th towne to him, and if hee doe not proue himſelfe as tale a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turne his body into a *Barrell* of ſtrong Ale, and let his Noſe be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foſſet, & his Tongue a Plugge for the *Bung*-hole.
And then there will bee *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as liues; and *Tom Schoomaker*, and I hope you will not deny that hee's an honeſt man, for hee was Conſtable o'th Towne.
And a number of other honeſt Raſcals, which though they

are

are growne bankrouts, and liue at the reuerſion of other mens tables:
Yet (thankes be to God) they haue a penny amongſt them at all times at their need.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin Good-fellow* bee there, you ſhall bee ſure to haue our company:
For hees one that we heare verie well of;
And my Sonne heere, has ſome occaſion to vſe him:
And therefore if we may know when tis,
Weele make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, Ile ſend you word.

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till we heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.

Will. Well *Clearke*, youle ſee this matter brauely performed: let it be done as it ſhould be.

Clarke. Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

Will. Why then go you to *Sir Iohn*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her giue her Maydenhead warning to prepare it ſelfe; for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Lelia, ſola.

Lelia. How Loue and fortune both, with eger mood,
Like greedy Hounds, doe hunt my tyred heart,
Rows'd foorth the thickets of my wonted ioyes:
And *Cupid* windes his ſhrill note Bugle horne,
For ioy my ſilly heart ſo neere is ſpent:
Deſire, that eagar Curre purſues the chaſe,
And fortune rides amaine vnto the fall:
Now Sorrowes ſinges, and Mourning beares a part,
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. What newes?

Nurſe. Faith, a whole Sacke full of newes:
You loue *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loues you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him;
And you loue not Maiſter *Churms* and he loues you,

And so heere's loue, and no loue;
And I loue, and I loue not,
And I cannot tell what:
But of all, and of all, Maister *Churms* must bee the man you must loue.

Lelia. Nay first Ile mount me on the winged winde,
And flee for succour to the farthest *Ind.*
Must I loue Maister *Churms?*

Nurse. Faith you must, and you must not.

Lelia. As how I pray thee?

Nurse. Marry I haue commendations to you.

Lelia. From whom?

Nurse. From your Brother *Fortunatus.*

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus?*

Nurse. No: from *Sophos.*

Lelia. From my Loue?

Nurse. No: from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prithee leaue thy foolery, and let mee know thy newes.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus* and your loue, to morrow night will meet you by the Forrest side,
There to conferre about I know not what:
But tis like, that *Sophos* will make you of his priuie counsell before you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* euery day,
But in any case you must not let your Father know,
For he hath sworne he will not be descried,
Vntill he hath effected your desires,
For he swaggers and sweares out of all cry,
That he will venture all,
Both fame, and blood, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas *Nurse* my fathers iealous braine,
Doth scarce allow mee once a month to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compaſſe of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once affords me any conference,
With any man, except with maiſter *Churms*,
Whoſe craftie braine, beguiles my father ſo,
That he repoſeth truſt in none but him:
And though he ſeeke for fauour at my hands,
He takes his marke amiſſe and ſhootes awry.
For he had rather ſee the Deuill himſelfe,
Then *Churmes* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I ſhould meet him by the Forreſt ſide,
I cannot poſſibly deuiſe.

Nurſe. And maiſter *Churms* muſt be the man muſt worke the meanes.
You muſt this night ſend for him:
Make him beleeue you loue him mightily,
Tell him you haue a ſecret friend dwells far away beyond the Forreſt:
To whom, if hee can ſecretly conuey you from your father,
Tell him you will loue him better then euer God loued him:
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to diſcharge the knaue of Clubs:
And that you muſt not faile,
Heere receiue this Ring which *Fortunatus* ſent you for a token:
That this is the plot that you muſt proſecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge,

Lelia. This Ring my brother ſent I know right well,
But this, my True loues Pledge, I more eſteeme
Then all the Golden mines the ſoiled earth containes:
And ſee, in happie time here comes M. *Churms*, (*Enter Ch.*
Now Loue, and Fortune, both conſpire,
And ſort their drifts to compaſſe my deſire.
Maiſter *Churms*, y'are well met: I am glad to ſee you.

Churms. And I as glad to ſee faire *Lelia*,
As euer *Paris* was to ſee his deare:
For whom ſo many Troians blood was ſpilt;
Nor think, I would do leſſe then ſpend my deareſt blood,

To

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by loſſe of life.

Nurſe. Faith Miſtreſſe, hee ſpeakes like a Gentleman:
Let me perſwade you.
Be not hard hearted
Sohpos? Why, what's he?
If hee had lou'd you but halfe ſo well, hee would ha come through ſtone Walles but hee would haue come to you ere this.

Lelia. I muſt confeſſe I once lou'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot loue him whom all the world knowes to be a diſſembler.

Churms. Ere I would wrong my loue with one dayes abſence,
I would paſſe the boyling *Helleſpont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue:
Or vndertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be diſloyall to my loue.
And if that *Lelia.* giue her free conſent.
That both our loues may ſympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my loue, my life, and all,
Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire command.

Lelia. Maiſter *Churms*, mee thinkes 'tis ſtrange, you ſhould make ſuch a motion:
Say I ſhould yeeld, and grant you loue,
When moſt you did expect a ſun-ſhine day,
My Fathers will, would mar your hop't for hay:
And when you thought to reape the fruits of loue,
His hard conſtraint, would blaſt it in the bloome:
For he ſo doates on *Peter Ploddalls* pelfe,
That none but he forſooth muſt be the man:
And I will rather match my ſelfe
Vnto a groome of *Plutoes* grieſly denne,
Then vnto ſuch a ſilly golden aſſe.

Churms. Brauely reſolued y faith.

Lelia. But to be ſhort:
I haue a ſecret friend that dwells from hence,
Some two dayes iourney, thats the moſt,

And if you can, (as well as I know) you may, conuey mee thither ſecretly:
For company I deſire no other then your owne:
Heere take my hand:
That once performd, my heart is next.

Churms. If on th'aduenture all the dangers lay,
That *Europe* or the Weſterne world affords,
Were it to combate *Cerberus* himſelfe,
Or ſcale the braſen Walles of *Plutoes* Court;
When as there is ſo faire a Prize propos'd,
If I ſhrinke backe or leaue it vnperform'd,
Let the World Cannonize me for a Coward:
Appoint the time and leaue the reſt to me.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle ouerſpreads the ſky,
And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the Weſt,
To morrow night I thinke the fitteſt time,
That ſilent ſhade may giue our ſafe conuoy,
Vnto our wiſhed hopes, vnſeene of liuing eye.

Churms. And at that time I will not faile,
In that or ought that may auaile.

Nurſe. But what if *Sophos* ſhould meet you by the Forreſt ſide:
And incounter you with his ſingle Rapier?

Churms. Sophos? a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch:
Should *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with ſome Champion,
With whom 'twere any credit to incounter,
Were he as ſtout as *Hercules* himſelfe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand:
And bandy blowes as thicke as haileſtones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away in ſpight of all their force.
What? Loue will make Cowards fight;
Much more a man of my reſolution.

Lelia And on your reſolution Ile depend, vntill to morrow at th'appointed time, when Ile looke for you:
Till when, Ile leaue you and goe make preparation for our iourney. *Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.*

Churms. Farewell faire Loue vntill we meet againe.
Why ſo: did I not tell you ſhe would be glad to run away with me at length?
Why this falls out, eene as a man would ſay, Thus I would haue it.
But now I muſt goe caſt about for money too:
Let me ſee I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debters.
And I haue the Bonds in mine owne hands:
The ſumme that is due to him, is ſome two or three hundred pounds,
Well, Ile to them: if I can but get one halfe,
Ile deliuer them their bonds, and leaue the other halfe to their owne conſciences; and ſo I ſhall bee ſure to get money to beare my charges:
When all failes, well fare a good Wit.
But ſoft no more of that:
Heere comes Maiſter *Gripe*.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Maiſter *Churms*? What all alone? how fares your body?

Churms. Faith ſir, reaſonable well: I am een walking heere to take the freſh ayre.

Gripe. 'Tis very holſome this faire weather:
But Maiſter *Churms*, how like you my Daughter?
Can you doe any good on her? will ſhe be rul'd yet?
How ſtands ſhe affected to *Peter Ploddall*?

Churms. O very well ſir: I haue made her very conformable.
O let me alone to perſwade a Woman:
I hope you ſhall ſee her married within this weeke at moſt, I meane to my ſelfe. *He ſpeakes to himſelfe.*

Gripe. Maiſter *Churms*, I am ſo exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I ſhall requite your kindneſſe,
But i'th meane time heere's a brace of Angels for you to drinke, for your paines.

This

This newes hath eene lightened my heart,
O ſir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.
Come Maiſter *Churms*, you ſhall goe home with me,
Wele haue good cheere and be mery for this to night ifaith.

Churms. Well let them laugh that wins. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Granam.

Pegge. Granam, giue me but two Crownes of red Gold,
And Ile giue you two pence of white ſiluer,
If *Robin* the Diuell be not a Water Witch.

Moth. M. Marry Ieſus bleſſe vs: why prethee?

Pegge. Marry Ile tell you why.
Vpon the morrow after the bleſſed New yeere,
I came trip, trip, trip ouer the market hill,
Holding vp my Petticoat to the Calues of my legges,
To ſhew my fine coloured ſtockings,
And how finely I could foote it in a paire of new corkt Shooes I had bought:
And there I ſpied this *Mounſier Muffe*, lie gaping vp into the skies,
To know how many maides would bee with child in the towne all the yeare after:
O tis a baſe vexation ſlaue,
How the Country talkes of the large ribd varlet.

Moth. M. Marry out vpon him: what a Friday fac'd ſlaue it is!
I thinke in my conſcience, his face neuer keepes holiday.

Pegge. Why, his face can neuer be at quiet,
He has ſuch a collericke Noſe,
I durſt haſworne by my maiden-head,
(God forgiue me that I ſhould take ſuch an oath)
That if *William* had had ſuch a noſe, I would neuer haloued him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. What tatling is heere of Noſes?
Come *Pegge*, weeare toward marriage; let vs talke of that may doe vs good; Granam, what will you giue vs toward houſe-keeping?

Mother. M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin Good-fellow*: What thinke you of him?

Will. Marry I ſay hee lookes like a Tankard-bearer,
That dwells in Petticoat lane, at the ſigne of the Mearemaid; and I ſweare by the blood of my Codpeece,
And I were a Woman, I would lugge off his loue eares,
Or run him to death with a ſpit: and for his face,
I thinke tis pitty there is not a Law made,
That it ſhould be fellonie to name it in any other places
Then in baudy houſes:
But Granam, what will you giue vs?

Moth. M. Marry I will giue *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,
Two Platters, a Diſh and a Spoone, a Dogge and a Carte; I trow ſhee'le proue a good Houſwife,
And loue her Husband well too.

Will. If ſhe loue me, Ile loue her: yfaith my ſweet hony-combe, Ile loue thee, *A perſe A.*
We muſt be askt in Church next Sunday, and weele be married preſently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele haue a merry day on't.

Moth. M. That wee will yfaith *Pegge*: weele haue a whole noyſe of Fidlers there:
Come *Pegge*, lets hie vs home, weele make a Bag-pudding to ſupper,
And *William* ſhall goe and ſup with vs.

Will. Come on yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, all a mort? ſtill languiſhing in loue?
Will not the preſence of thy friend preuaile?
Nor hope expell theſe ſullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged ſmile
From thoſe ſad drooping lookes of thine?
Rely on hope, whoſe hap will lead thee right
To her whom thou doſt call thy hearts delight;
Looke cheerely man, the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a ſnow white Coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos*, and his louely *Bride*,

Sophos

Sophos. Tis impoſsible: her Father man, her father,
Hee's all for *Peter Ploddall.*

Fortunatus. Should I but ſee that *Ploddall* offer loue:
This Sword ſhould pierce the peaſants breſt,
And chaſe his ſoule from his accurſed corps,
By an vnwonted way, vnto the griſly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Churms*, ſhould come with his ſuppoſed loue:
Then ſit we downe vnder theſe leauie ſhades. (*they ſit downe.*)
And waight the time of *Lelias* wiſht approch.

Sophos. I, heere Ile waight for *Lelias* wiſht approch,
More wiſht to me, then is a calme at Seas
To ſhipwracke ſoules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though ſad Deſpaire hath almoſt drown'd my hopes;
Yet would I paſſe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erſt did *Hercules* to fetch his Loue.
If I might meet my loue vpon the ſtrond,
And but inioy her loue one minut of an houre. *Enter Robin.*
But ſtay: what man, or diuill, or helliſh fiend, comes heere:
Transformed in this ougly vnquoth ſhape,

Fortu. O, peace a while, you ſhall ſee good ſport anone.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this helliſh ſhape?
If I could meete with *Sophos* in theſe woods,
O, he would take me for the Diuell himſelfe,
I ſhould ha good laughing, beſide the fourty ſhillings *Peter Ploddall* has giuen me: and if I get no more, I am ſure of that,
But ſoft: now I muſt try my cunning, for here he ſits.
The high commander of the damned ſoules,
Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels, and Prince of *Limbo* lake,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
By ſtrict command from *Pluto* Hels great Monarch,
And faire *Proſerpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges
And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
Hath ſent me here from depth of vnder ground,
To ſommon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man or Diuell or what ſo'ere thou art,

Ile try if blowes driue thee downe to Hell.
Belike thou art the Diuells Parrator.
The baſeſt officer that liues in Hell,
For ſuch thy words imports thee for to bee:
T is pittie you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee:
And becauſe I know mony goes low with *Sophos*,
Ile pay you your fees: *He beats him.*
Take that, and that, and that, vpon thee.

Robin. O good ſir, I beſeech you, Ile doe any thing.

Fortunatus. Then downe to Hell, for ſure thou art a Diuell.

Robin. O hold you hands, I am not a Diuell by my troth.

Fortu. Sounds doſt thou croſſe mee? I ſay thou art a Diuell. *Beats him againe.*

Robin. O Lord ſir, ſaue my life: and Ile ſay as you ſay,
Or any thing elſe youle ha me doe.

Fortu. Then ſtand vp, and make a preachment of thy pedigree, and how at firſt thou lernd'ſt this diuilliſh trade: Vp I ſay. *Beat him.*

Robin. O, I will ſir: *Stands vpon a ſtole.*
Although in ſome places I beare the title of a ſcruuie Gentleman:
By birth, I am a Boat-wrights ſonne of *Hell*,
My father got me of a refuſ'd Hagge
Vnder the old ruines of *Boobies* barne;
Who as ſhe liu'd, at length ſhe likewiſe died,
And for her good deedes, went vnto the Diuell.
But Hell, not wont to harbour ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow Fiendes doe daily make complaint.
Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady Queene,
Of her vnruly misbehauiour:
Intreating that a Paſport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of Doome
On earth againe, to vexe the mindes of men,
And ſwore ſhe was the fitteſt Fiend in Hell
To driue men to deſparation.

To

To this intent, her Paſport then was drawne,
And in a whirlwinde foorth of hell ſhe came;
Ore Hilles ſhe hurles, and ſcoures along the Plaines:
The trees flew vp byth roots, the earth did quake for feare,
The houſes tumble downe; ſhee playes the Diuell and all:
At length, not finding any one ſo fit
To effect her diuiliſh charge, as I:
She comes to me, as to her onely Child,
And mee her inſtrument on earth ſhe made:
And by that meanes, I learned that diuilliſh trade:

Sophos. O monſtrous villaine!

Fortu. But tell me, whats thy courſe of life?
And how thou ſhifteſt for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Fayth ſir, I am in a manner a Promoter,
Or more fitly term'd a Promoting Knaue,
I creepe into the preſence of great men,
And vnder colour of their frindſhips,
Effect ſuch wonders in the world,
That Babes will curſe me that are yet vnborne.
Of the beſt men, I raiſe a common fame,
And honeſt Women, rob of their good name,
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my thrift:
That I get beſt, is got but by a ſhift:
But the chiefe courſe of all my life,
Is to ſet diſcord betwixt man and wife.

Fortu. Out vpon thee Canniball. *He beats him*
Doſt thou thinke thou ſhall euer come to heauen?

Robin. I little hope for Heauen, or heauenly bliſſe:
But if in Hell doth any place remaine,
Of more eſteeme then is another roome,
I hope, as guerdon for my iuſt deſert,
To haue it for my deteſtable acts.

Fortu. Wert not thy tongue condemnes thy guilty ſoule,
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth,
Did breath a Villaine more audacious,
Goe get thee gon, and come not in my walke, *Beate him.*
For if thou doſt, thou commeſt vnto thy woe

Robin.

Rob. The deuil himſelfe was neuer coniur'd ſo. (*Exit Rob.*)
Sophos. Sure hee's no man, but an incarnate Diuill,
Whoſe ougly ſhape bewrayes his monſtrous mind.
Fort. And if he be a Diuell, I am ſure hee's gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer will be heere anon.
And with him comes my ſiſter *Lelia*:
Tis he I am ſure you looke for.
Sophos. Nay, ſhee it is that I expect ſo long.
Fort. Then ſit we downe vntill we heare more newes:
This but a Prologue to our play enſues. *They ſit downe.*

Enter Churms and Lelia.

But ſee where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along.
He walkes as ſtately as the great Baboone.
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a Midwife.
Sophos. Now gentle *Ione*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good ſucceſſe vnto my wandring hopes.
Chu. Now *Phœbus* ſiluer eye is drencht in weſtern deepe,
And *Luna* gins to ſhew her ſplendent rayes,
And all the harmeleſſe quireſters of Woods,
Doe take repoſe, ſaue onely *Philomell:*
Whoſe heauie tunes doe euermore record
With mournefull layes the loſſes of her loue.
Thus farre faire Loue we paſſe in ſecret ſort,
Beyond the compaſſe of thy fathers bounds,
Where he on downe ſoft bed ſecurely ſleepes,
And not ſo much as dreames of our depart.
The danger's p[illegible] now thinke of nought but loue,
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.
Sophos. Nay firſt, Ile ſend thy ſoule to coale blacke night.
Chur. Thou promis'd loue now ſeate it with a kiſſe.
Fort. Nay ſoft ſir, your marke's at the fayreſt,
Forſweare her loue, and ſeale it with a kiſſe,
Vpon the burniſht ſplendor of this blade,
Or it ſhall rip the intralls of thy peſant heart.
Sophos. Nay let me doe it, thats my part.
Chur. You wrong me much to rob me of my Loue.
Sophos. Auaunt baſe braggard, *Lelia's* mine.

Churms.

Churms. She lately promis'd loue to me.

Fortu. Peace, Night-rauen, peace, Ile end this controuerſie.
Come *Lelia*, ſtand betweene them both,
As equall iudge, to end the ſtrife:
Say which of theſe, ſhall haue thee too his wife:
I can deuiſe no better way then this:
Now chooſe thy Loue, and greete him with a kiſſe.

Lelia. My choice is made, and here it is. *She kiſſes Sophos*

Sophos. See heere the mirrour of true conſtancie:
Whoſe ſtedfaſt loue deſerues a Princes worth.

Lelia. Maiſter *Churms*, are you not well?
I muſt confeſſe I would haue choſen you,
But that I nere beheld your Legges till now:
Truſt me, I neuer lookt ſo low before.

Churms. I know you vſe to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not ſo high as your crowne.

Churms. What if you had;

Lelia. Faith I ſhould haue ſpied but a Calues head.

Churms. Sounds, coſend of the Wench, and ſcoft at too?
Tis intollerable: and ſhall I looſe her thus?
How't mads mee that I brought not my Sword and buckler with mee!

Fort. What, are you in your Sword and buckler tearmes?
Ile put you out of that humor:
There, *Lelia* ſends you that by me, *Beates him.*
And that, to recompence yonr loues deſire:
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.
Goe get thee gone, and boaſt of *Lelias* Loue.

Churms. Where ere I goe, Ile leaue with her my curſe,
And raile on you with ſpeeches vilde

Fortu. A craftie Knaue was neuer ſo beguil'd
Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their luckie haps,
And he enioyes the preſence of his Loue,
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd
Vpon this Hel-bred brace of curſed Imps:
Now reſts nought but my Fathers free conſent,

To knit the knot that time can nere vntwiſt.
And that, as this, I likewiſe will performe:
No ſooner ſhall *Auroraes* pearled deaw
Oreſpread the mantled earth with ſiluer drops,
And *Phœbus* bleſſe the Orient with a bluſh,
To chace blacke night to his deformed Cell,
But Ile repaire vnto my Fathers houſe,
And neuer ceaſe with my inticing words,
To worke his will to knit this Gordian knot:
Till when, Ile leaue you to your amorous chat:
Deare friend adieu, faire ſiſter too farewell.
Betake your ſelues vnto ſome ſecret place:
Vntill you heare from me how things fall out. *Exit Fort.*

Sophos. We both doe wiſh a fortunate good-night.

Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy ſteps aright.

Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our ſelues
Vnto a little Hermitage heere by;
And there to liue obſcured from the world,
Till Fates, and Fortunes, call vs thence away,
To ſee the ſunſhine of our Nuptiall day.
See how the twinckling ſtarres do hide thier borrowed ſhine,
As halfe aſham'd their luſtre is ſo ſtain'd
By *Lelias* beautious eyes, that ſhine more bright
Then twinkling ſtarres doe in a Winters night:
In ſuch a night did *Paris* win his Loue.

Lelia. In ſuch a night *AEneas* proou'd vnkind.

Sophos. In ſuch a night, did *Troilus* court his deare.

Lelia. In ſuch a night faire *Phillis* was betraid.

Sophos. Ile proue as true as euer *Troylus* was.

Lelia. And I as conſtant as *Penelope*.

Sophos. Then lèt vs ſolace, and in loues delight,
And ſweet imbracings ſpend the liue-long night:
And whilſt loue mounts her, on her wanton wings,
Let Deſcant run on Muſicks ſiluer ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

A Song.

ASONGE.

1

OLde Tithon *muſt forſake his deare,*
The Larke *doth chant her cheerefull lay:*
Aurora *ſmiles with merry cheere,*
To welcome in a happy day.

2

The Beaſtes doe ſkippe,
The ſweet Birdes ſing:
The Wood-Nymphs dance,
The Eccheos *ring.*

3

The hollow Caues with ioy reſounds,
And Pleaſure euery where abounds:
The Graces lincking hand in hand,
In Loue haue knit a glorious hand.

Enter Robin Good-fellow, and old Ploddall and his ſonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Maiſter *Good-fellow*, how haue you ſped?

Peter. Ha you plaid the Diuell brauely, and ſcar'd the Scholler out ons wits?

Robin. A poxe of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay harke you, I ſent you vortie ſhillings, and you ſhall haue the Cheeſe I promis'd you too.

Ro. A plague of the vortie ſhillings and the cheeſe too.

Peter. Heare you, will you giue me the pouder you told me of?

Robin. How you vexe me! powder quotha? Sounds, I ha beene bowder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will proue a craftie knaue, and coſen vs of our money:

Weele goe to Maiſter Iuſtice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Countrie for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or haue his eares nayld to the Pillorie:
Come lets goe. *Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.*

Enter Churms.

Chur. Fellow *Robin*, what newes? how goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſped you with your Wench?

Chur. I would the wench were at the Diuell:
A plague vpont, I neuer ſay my prayers,
And that makes me haue ſuch il lucke.

Robin. I thinke the Scholler behaunted mee with ſome Demi-diuell.

Churms. Why, didſt thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance ont, all our ſhifting knaueri's knowne:
We are counted very vagrants,
Sounds, I am afraide of euery Officer for whipping.

Churms. Wee are horribly haunted: our behauiour is ſo beaſtly, that wee are growne lothſome; our craft gets vs nought but knockes.

Robin. What courſe ſhall we take now?

Churms. Faith, I cannot tell: lets eene run our Country,
For heres no ſtaying for vs.

Robin. Faith agreed: lets goe into ſome place where wee are not knowne, and there ſet vp the art of Knauerie with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt*

Enter Gripe ſolus.

Gripe. Euery one tels mee I looke better then I was wont
My hearts lightened, my ſpirites are reuiued:
Why me thinkes I am eene young againe;
It ioyes my heart that this ſame peuiſh girle my daughter wil be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhall neuer be able to make M. *Churms* amendes for the great paynes he hath taken.

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Maiſter, now out vppon's, welladay, we are all vndone.

Gripe. Vndone! What ſodaine accident hath chanced? Speake, Whats the matter?

Nurſe. Alas that euer I was borne!
My Miſtreſſe and M. *Churms* are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not poſsible; nere tell me: I dare truſt maiſter *Churms* with a greater matter then that.

Nurſe. Faith you muſt truſt him whether you will or no, for hee's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe* I was comming to deſire that I might haue your abſence at my Wedding: for I heare ſay you are very liberall growne alate:
For I ſpake with three or foure of your Debtors this morning, that ought you hundred pounds a peece,
And they told me that you ſent M. *Churms* to them, & tooke of ſome, ten pounds,
And of ſome, twenty, and deliuered them their bonds,
And bad them pay the reſt when they were able.

Gripe. I am vndone, I am robd, my daughter, my money! Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith ſir, its all to nothing, but your daughter and M *Churms* are gone both one way:
Marry your money flies ſome one way, and ſome another:
And therefore tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe Follow them, make hue and cry after them.
My daughter, my mony, all's gone, what ſhall I doe?

Wil. Faith if you will be ruld by me,
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe:
(Marke what I ſay) for Ile teach you the way to come to Heauen if you ſtumble not:
Giue all you haue to the poore, but one ſingle penny;
And with that penny, buy you a good ſtrong halter,
And when you ha done ſo; come to mee, and Ile tell you what you ſhall doe with it.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter, that *Churms* that villaine,
Ile teare him with my teeth.

Nurse. Maister, nay pray you doe not run mad,
Ile tell you good newes:
My young Maister *Fortunatus* is come home:
And see where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had beene some thing:

Fort. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his father,
And craues his Blessing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, heers my Sonne: but *Lelia* sheele not come,
Good *Fortunatus* rise, wilt thou shed teares,
And helpe thy Father mone?
If so, say I: if not good Sonne be gone.

Fort. What moues my Father to these vncouth fits?

Will. Faith sir, hees almost mad: I thinke hee cannot tell you:
And therefore I presuming sir, that my wit is something better then his, at this time (doe you marke sir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my supernaturall wit, sir (do you vnderstand?)
Will tell you the whole superfluitie of the matter, sir:
Your sister *Lelia* sir, you know is a Woman,
As another woman is, sir.

Fort. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay nothing sir, but she fell in loue with one *Sephos*, a very proper wise young man sir:
Now sir, your Father would not let her haue him, sir:
But would haue married her to one sir,
That would haue fed her with nothing but Barly Bagpuddings and fat *Bacon*.
Now sir, to tell you the trueth,
The foole (yee know) has fortune to Land: But Mistresse *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fort. And how then?

Will. Marry then there was a certaine craking, cogging,

Pet-

Pettifogging, *Buttermilke* ſlaue ſir, one *Churms* ſir, that is the very quinteſſence of all the Knaues in the bunch;
And if the beſt man of all his kin had beene but ſo good as a Yeomans ſonne,
Hee ſhould haue beene a markt knaue by letters pattents,
And he ſir, comes mee ſneaking, and coſens them both of their wench, and is run away with her:
And ſir, belike hee has coſend your father heere of a great deale of his money too.

Nurſe. Sir, your Father did truſt him but too much;
But I alwaies thought he would prooue a craftie Knaue.

Gripe. My truſt's betray'd, my ioyes exil'd.
Griefe kils the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fortu. Where golden gaine doth blare a Fathers eyes,
That Precious Pearle fetcht from *Pernaſſus* mount,
Is counted refuce, worſe then *Bullin* Braſſe?
Both ioyes and hopes hang of a ſilly twine,
That ſtill is ſubiect vnto flitting time:
That turnes ioy into griefe, and hope to ſad deſpaire,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richeſt Monarch vnder Heauen,
And had one Daughter thrice as faire:
As was the Gretian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match her to an vntaught ſwaine,
Though one whoſe wealth exceeded *Cræſus* ſtore,
Her ſelfe ſhould chooſe, and I applaud her choyce,
Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,
Were his deſerts but equall vnto his.
If I might ſpeake without offence;
You were tôo blame to hinder *Lelias* choyce.
As ſhe in Natures graces doth excell,
So doth *Minerua* grace him full as well.

Nurſe. Now, by Cocke and Pie, you neuer ſpake a truer word in your life; hee's a very kind Gentleman:
For laſt time he was at our houſe, he gaue me three pence.

Will. O nobly ſpoken: God ſend *Pegge* to prooue as wiſe a Woman as her mother, and then wee ſhall bee ſure to haue

haue wiſe Children.

Nay if he be ſo liberall; old Grandſire, you ſhall giue him the good-will of your Daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine, I haue no Daughter now.
That I ſhould ſay I had, thence comes my griefe:
My care of *Lelia*, paſt Fathers loue:
My loue of *Lelia*, makes my loſſe the more:
My loſſe of *Lelia*, drownes my heart in woe:
My hearts woe, makes this life a Liuing death,
Care, Loue, Loſſe, Hearts-woe, Liuing death,
Ioyne all in one, to ſtop this vitall breath.
Curſt be the time I gap'd for golden gaine,
I curſe that time, I croſt her in her choice:
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was baſe,
I ſought to grace her from the *Indian* Mines,
But ſhe ſought honour from the ſtarry Mount:
What franticke fit poſſeſt my fooliſh braine?
What furious Fancy fired ſo my heart,
To hate faire vertue, and to ſcorne Deſert?

Fortunatus. Then Father, giue Deſert his due,
Let Natures graces and faire Vertues gifts,
One ſymphathie and happy comfort make,
Twix't *Sophos* and my ſiſter *Lelias* loue:
Conioyne their hands, whoſe hearts haue long beene one,
And ſo conclude a happy vnion.

Gripe. Now'tis too late:
What Fates decree, can neuer be recall'd:
Her luckles loue is fallen to *Churms* his lot,
And he vſurpes faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

Fortunat. That cannot be, feare of purſuit, muſt needs prolong his Nuptiall rights:
But if you giue your full conſent,
That *Sophos* may enioy his long wiſht Loue,
And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely Bride,
Ile follow *Churms* what ere betide;
Ile be as ſwift as is the lightfoote Roe,
And ouertake him ere his iournyes end.

And

And bring faire *Lelia* back vnto my friend.

Gripe. I, heeres my hand; I doe conſent,
And thinke her happy, in her happy choyce:
Yet halfe foreiudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.
But *Fortunatus*, I muſt needs commend
Thy conſtant mind thou bearſt vnto thy friend,
The after Ages wondring at the ſame,
Shall Sayt's a deed deſerueth laſting fame.

Fortunatus. Then reſt you heere till I returne againe,
Ile goe to *Sophos* ere I goe along,
And bring him heere to keepe you company:
Perhaps he hath ſome skill in hidden Arts
Of Planets courſe, or ſecret Magicke ſpells,
To know where *Lelia* and that Foxe lies hid,
Whoſe craft ſo cunningly conueyd her hence. *Exit Fort.*

Gripe. I, heere Ile reſt an hower or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

Will. Faith ſir, this ſame *Churms* is a very ſcuruy Lawyer, for once I put a caſe to him: and mee thought his Law was not worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your caſe?

Will. Marry ſir, my caſe was a Gooſes caſe;
For my dog wearied my neighbors Sow, and the Sow died. worried

Nurſe. And he ſued you vpon wilfull Murder?

Will. No, but he went to law with me and would make me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dogge:
Now ſir, to the ſame Retourner I went.

Nurſe. To begge a pardon for your dogge?

Will. No, but to haue ſome of his wit for my money:
I gaue him his fee, and promis'd him a Gooſe beſide, for his Counſell.
Now ſir his counſell was to deny all was askt me,
And to craue a longer time to anſwere,
Though I knew the caſe was plaine;
So ſir, I take his counſell: and alwayes when hee ſends to mee for his Gooſe, I deny it, and craue a longer time ro anſwere.

Nurſe. And ſo the Caſe was yours, and the Gooſe was his,
And ſo it came to be a Gooſes caſe.

Will. True, but now we are talking of Geeſe,
See where *Pegge*; and my Granam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.

Moth. Mi. Come Pegge, beſtir your ſtumpes: make thy ſelfe ſmugge, wench; thou muſt be married to morrow:
Lets goe ſeeke out thy Sweet-heart,
To prepare all things in readineſſe.

Pegge. Why Granam, looke where he is.

Will. Ha my ſweete Traililly, I thought thou couldſt ſpy me amongſt a hundred honeſt men
A man may ſee that Loue will creepe where it cannot goe.
Ha my ſweete and too ſweet: ſhall I ſay the tother ſweet?

Pegge. I, ſay it and ſpare not.

Will. Nay, I will not ſay I will ſing it,

Thou art mine owne ſweet heart,
From thee Ile neuer depart:
Thou art my Ciperlilly,
And I thy Trang didowne-dilly,
And ſing Hey ding a ding,
And when tis done, not miſſe,
To giue my Wench a kiſſe:
And then dance canſt thou not hit it:
Ho braue William Cricket!
How like you this Granam?

Mother. Mi. Marry Gods beniſon light oth thy good heart, fort:
Ha, that I were young againe!
Yfaith I was an old doer at theſe Long-ſongs, when I was a Girle.

Nurſe. Now by the Mary mattens, *Pegge*, thou haſt got the merrieſt Woer in all Womenſhire.

Pegge. Faith I am none of thoſe that loue nothing but Tum dum diddle.

If

If he had not beene a merrie ſhauer, I would neuer haue had him.

Will. But come my nimble laſſe, let all theſe matters paſſe,
And in a bouncing brauation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheere ſhall we haue to morrow?
Old Grandſire Thickskin, you that ſit there as melancholly as a mantletree, what will you giue vs toward this merry meeting?

Gripe. Marry becauſe you told me a merry Gooſes caſe, Ile beſtow a fat Gooſe on you; and God giue you lucke.

Mother. Mi. Marry well ſaid old Maiſter: een God giue them ioy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good ſweet young couple.

Will. Granam ſtand out o'th way, for heere come Gentlefolke will run ore you elſe.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.

Nurſe. Maiſter, here comes your Sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus*: wheres *Sophos*?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue,
As you with griefe for loſſe of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be poſſible.
The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare,
Then is a Kingdome, or the richeſt Crowne
That ere adornd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth, to me or mine.
It is not now with me as late it was,
I lowrd at Learning & at Vertue ſpurnd:
But now my heart & minde & all is turnd.
Were *Lelia* here, I ſoone would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could nere vntie,
Till fatall Siſters victory had wonne,
And that your glaſſe of life were quite outrun.

Will. Sounds, I thinke he be ſpurblind. Why *Lelia* ſtands hard by him.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falles proſtrate on her knee,

And craues a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What *Lelia* my Daughter? ſtand vp Wench:
Why now my ioy is full:
My heart is lightned of all ſad annoy,
Now farwell griefe, and welcome home my ioy.
Heere *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:
Great God of Heauen your hearts combine,
In vertues lore to raiſe a happy Line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,
And quencht his burning beames that late were wont
To melt my waxen wings, when as I ſoard aloft:
And louely *Venus* ſmiles with faire aſpect
Vpon the Spring-time of our ſacred loue:
Thou great commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant that this League of laſting amitie,
May lye recorded by Eternity.

Lelia. Then wiſht content knit vp our Nuptiall right:
And future ioyes, our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, Ile tell you what weele doe:
Pegge and I muſt bee married too morrow; and if you will,
Weele all goe to'th Church together, and ſo ſaue ſir *Iohn* a labour.

All. Agreed,

Fortu. Then march along, and lets be gone,
To ſolemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.